

The Historie

Pr. What saist thou mistress quickly, how doth thy husband?
I loue him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my Lord heare me?

Falst. Preethe let her alone, and list to me.

Prin. What saist thou iacke,

Falst. The other night I fel a sleepe here, behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt, this house is turn'd baudy house, they pick pockets.

Prin. What didst thou loose iacke?

Fal. Wilt thou belecue me Hall, three or foure bonds of forty pound a peece, and a seale ring of my grandfathers,

Prin. A trifle, some eight penie matter.

Host. So I told him my Lord, and I said I heard your grace say so: & my lord he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouthd man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

Prin. What he did not?

Ho. Theres neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. Theres no more faith in thee then in a flued prune, nor no more truth in thee then in a drawn fox, and for womanhood maid marion may be the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go you thing go.

Host. Say what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why a thing to thanke God on.

Ho. I am nothing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

Falst. What beast? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter sir Iohn, why an Otter?

Falst. Why? shees neither fish nor flesh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

Host. Thou art an vniust man in saying so, thou or anie man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou saist true hostesse, and hee slaunders thee most grossely.

Host. So hee doth you my Lord, and saide this other day you ought

of Henrie the fourth.

ought him a thousand pound.

Prin. Sirrha, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Falst. A thousand pound Hall? a million, thy loue is worth a million, thou owest me thy loue.

Host. Nay my Lord, he cald you iacke, and saide hee would cudge you.

Falst. Did I Bardol?

Bar. Indeed sir Iohn you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prin. I say tis copper, darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Falst. Why Hall? Thou knowest as thou art but man I dare, but as thou art prince, I feare thee as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The king himselfe is to be feared as the Lion, doest thou thinke ile feare thee as I feare thy father? nay and I doo, I pray God my girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, howe would thy guts fall about thy knees? but sirrha, theres no roome for faith, trueth, nor honestie, in this bosome of thine. It is all fild vp with guttes, and midriffe. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket, why thou horeson impudent imboist rascall, if there were anie thing in thy pocket but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of baudie houses, and one poore peniworth of sugar-candie to make thee long winded, if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but these, I am a villain, and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong, art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Doest thou heare Hall, thou knowest in the state of innocencie Adam fell, & what should poore iacke Falstafle do in the daies of villanie? thou seeest I haue more flesh then another man, & therefore more frailty. You confesse then you pickt my pocker.

Prin. It appeares so by the storie.

Fal. Hostesse, I forgiue thee, go make ready breakfast, loue thy husband, looke to thy seruants, cherish thy ghesse, thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason, thou seeest I am pacified still, nay preethe be gone. *Exit Hostesse*
Now Hal, to the newes at court for the robbery lad, how is that answered?

Prin.